

Fox's Sleep

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Fox's Sleep

by [StarlightCaptor](#)

Summary

Like clockwork, Dominus feels himself change, feels *compulsions* come over him that shame him to his very spark, all for the want of the one who has been there all along.

Notes

Welcome! If you're in here from morbid fascination or your body is just plain Ready for this journey, This is your official warning. This is going to be a *ride*, not all of it being nice with everyone having full reign of their actions. If this and or the tags squick you, turn back now.

This is firmly read at your own risk. My feelers won't be hurt if you can't, I promise. ;)

The WIP title for this is "Book this is your fault" because this is Book's fault. They enabled the *Hell* out of this fic, and without them you'd not be seeing it right now. Extra consideration goes to the channel at large, you know what you've done. l,D

A Land my Soul is From

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Shhu, Brother."

Dominus Ambus stared upwards, enraptured by the benevolent carmine light streaming down on him.

Confusion swamped his processor- confusion and lust and pleasure, for the feeling of those narrow hips straddling across armor.

All at once he *wanted* and it was made more so at the impression of the lips of a wet, hot valve along his- when *did* he pressurize his spike? It'd be so easy to reach up to take hold of Minimus' hips, so easy to drive himself into the heat of channel until he had spilled himself as deeply as possible, laying claim all the way to Minimus' gestation tank.

He could turn that look of open-mouthed concentration into one of the *most* divine ecstasy- if his arms didn't feel so heavy, if he could online his *vocalizer* or lift his *arms* or... or...

The end of recharge and the start of morning came with a strange lethargy to Dominus' frame. There was a distinct feeling of *wrongness* about him, a feeling like his luxurious berthing was too big and his arms too empty.

He stretched stiff joints as he roused fully and began to sit up, only to pause at a most peculiar sensation.

He peered down at the mess at his thighs, obviously having leaked through the seams at his modesty paneling.

It was a numb sort of feeling, to realize he had *drempt* of an... encounter with Minimus, and that this dream resulted in a... a *nocturnal emission*- something that had never happened to him before.

He remained numb as he got up to clean his mess, save for the thrumming of his spark, telling him to slip through the estate and *check up* on his brother.

Dawn's light reflected off Cybertron's surface and dread sprouted alongside the urge, though it was easily tamped out. He had a diplomatic meeting scheduled in a few orn, made specifically in anticipation of this set of worrying, *cyclic* urges.

Finishing up the mess at his berth was almost an absent-minded act, and Dominus brought up his brother's schedule. It seemed promising and he resolved that he didn't need to move up his trip for some troubling feelings that would fade before he knew it.

As he finally entered his private washroom, he firmly decided to put thoughts of Minimus... correction, *those* thoughts of Minimus out of his mind.

Dominus very suddenly found himself in *hell*.

Several solar cycles after waking with transfluid staining his berth and his brother's name on his lip components and his plan had fallen right to pieces. He'd come home after a trying day's work at several institutions around the capitol to find Minimus in the main living room, hunched over a datapad.

Such a sight wouldn't be so alarming, if not for the fact that Minimus' schedule put him ~~somewhere far enough to be safe, unknowing~~ *not here, at home* until partway through Dominus' recharge cycle. Dominus wasn't meant to really *see* him, save for in glimpses until after when he'd have a handle on himself and those strange instincts, so to say- nearing his departure date.

Instead, he caught himself in the doorway, raking his gaze over the miserable hunch of tricolor shoulders, processing at a rapid clip a way to *comfort* his dear Minimus... appropriately-of course. There was a regal bearing to him, even obviously upset.

He nearly startled out of his shells when he realized Minimus was looking back at him.

"Welcome back." He said, weariness and a touch of wariness to his voice. " This last job didn't work out."

It was a matter-of-fact statement, no beating around the bush here for Minimus. Dominus impressively resisted the urge to remind his brother that he didn't *need* to work if he didn't want to- that he *could* provide for the two of them ~~and possibly more, in that future he'd been aching to put inside Minimus~~ until the end of time- but he stopped himself and made a motion approximating that he should go on.

Minimus instantly looked miserable and indignant "They have asked me to inform you that 'They can handle it from here and though they do appreciate your oversight, no more will be needed and they can send progress reports directly to you'. "

Dominus winced internally. This was not the first time that Minimus had been mistaken for his emissary- or worse yet, his *secretary*. The name 'Ambus' and Dominus' shadow made finding a function- no, a just a *job* hard for Minimus.

That part of him whispering those things he was doing his best to avoid chomped at the bit to tell him to give up, to let his elder brother take care of him- *that* could be his job.

Valiantly, he held up in his resisting and blandly assured Minimus that this couldn't go on forever before beating a strategic retreat back to his rooms and the office contained within. He was never bothered when he was there, and it'd give him an opportunity to work some of his need out of his systems.

He didn't look back as he went, unable to stomach what he might see if he dared.

A tiny voice not trapped in the middle of his war of wills hoped it didn't feel like a snub.

Chapter End Notes

So it Begins.

This is going to be a sparsely updated work until I have several more chapters done,

but as I post this, I'm up to number five along with what's being done with my other works in progress.

Comments and kudos are *much* appreciated! Thanks for reading! ♥

Stroke on a Drum

Chapter Notes

SO I know I said not to expect a ton of updates and that still applies, but I'm going to be disgustingly busy next week- when I planned to update next anyways- so you're getting this one early :,D

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sheer preposterousness of the new dream to start paired with his expectation that this could happen again alerted Dominus to the fact that it was indeed just that- a dream, though it was a *close* thing to what looked like true life.

Tonight's Minimus was closer to his true self in temperament, and tempered further by the overload Dominus had wrung out of himself prior to sleeping. He still felt it in his dream, and the dream had Minimus in his embrace back to ventrum, Dominus' spike buried and tied inside of him.

He could *feel* Minimus down to the fluttery squeeze of his valve rim about the engorged base of his spike.

It was a startlingly realistic save for the obvious, and for the moment it was enough to stave off the coding giving Dominus so much grief.

The worst part was of how *right* it felt, how it continued to feel.

His mind plodded along at a hazy, happily sluggish pace, all while dread and anxiety bubbled under the surface, all as that little part of his mind that was still *rational* in his dream told him in no uncertain terms that there would be consequences for his actions, should this happen.

Dream Minimus made a soft sighing sound of contentment, and Dominus found he didn't care about consequences, as he pulled him that little bit closer.

Morning came with Dominus trying to fight off a looming disappointment and clutching desperately to the vestiges of relaxation and relief his dreamtime brought him.

It also came with some degree of clarity.

A quick and thorough run through his washracks brought him to his office and from there, his console. As he logged on and into his personal database of research he justified the reading he was about to do as work.

It wasn't as if he'd have ever *slacked* on his work, no- but it was novel for him to use his work to his own benefit so closely. *No* Primus below, not his own *benefit*. He had his curiosities, and if his research and his reviewing of other's research could help himself *as well as* others, then it would be all the better.

Today, Dominus passed by his usual data by to review data from the Jhiastian Academy of Advanced Technology. His spark felt like constricted in it's casing as he reviewed the derth of titles and descriptions in front of him.

Senator Shockwave *certainly* knew how to deliver, even if he didn't know he was doing it.

Despite being one himself, anomalies and outliers had little to no bearing on his more recent interests regarding his activism.

Twins: Split-Spark, Branched- Full or Part

His spark twinged just gently at even just reading the title of the subsection- and before he knew it then his spark was reaching for a connection that was no longer there, atrophied to as become deadened over the years to communication and feelings but: Dominus could *feel* him.

They were fully formed sparks in their own rights and that was just a miniscule part of what made them so remarkable. Only the resonance rates of their outlier's spark and the sorry excuse for a bond spoke the truth of the matter.

To the rest, they were just brothers of some private description

Dominus sat back in his chair and shuttered his optics.

It had always been like this, but he supposed that the very nature of them being what they *were* to each other...

Only distance weakened that little background presence in his spark. He felt the compulsion to try to strengthen that emaciated connection. *That* urge was easy to ignore- a he'd felt it *every* time the urges came upon him, after all.

He laid his hand over his chest plating, over his spark in his truest form, and took a deep vent to center himself.

He'd never had the compulsion so *close*.

Minimus was sleeping, he could tell just from focusing in hard on that little bit of him, the timbre of his spark.

Not for the first time, he wondered what song it would sing if united again with his.

The evening's arrival brought Dominus out of his rooms and into the main areas of the estate.

Getting lost in his reading and following that up with *actual* work had served as a welcome- if only slightly effective- distraction to the traitorous desires of his spark.

Dominus had a meeting soon- One of pre-departure negotiations, itinerary decisions and minutiae that he found were wholly comforting in their existence.

Plus, it would afford him a little measure of distance from Minimus.

Presently, he made his way to their austere refueling station inside the shared living area, and

found himself taking pause.

His chemoreceptors pinged him first and so he knew what it was he was looking at before his processors caught up but the sealed cube sitting on the counter still baffled him for a long few moments.

Living together, scents were bound to mix and mingle, but *this*... The attention and processing power suddenly dedicated to the fact that he could *smell* his brother's traces in the area, on the cube left out for him....

Dominus felt silly, ridiculous and ashamed for the heady rush of affection that coursed through his circuits. *This* was what made his work so important, what made his trip so important above all. How could he take a simple kind act of deference such as this and twist it?

With a defiant shake of his helm, Dominus made his way to the door out- only to stop at the threshold as a thought took root.

Was he *really* going to take a simple, kind act and toss it back in his brother's face like this? Minimus had access to his schedule just as much as the opposite was true, and the energon left on the counter was hued to indicate it was one of Dominus' preferred blends.

Was he really going to ignore something so genuinely Minimus? Something so small and obviously a token of well-wishing just for him?

Shoulders sagging, Dominus took a brisk clip back to retrieve the fuel, and left the premises entirely, lest he do something he regret.

Chapter End Notes

If the slow burn that this is going to be featured here drives you *bananas*, I recommend that you have a read of eatyoursparkout's Stone Cold Fox, linked down there.

The tag for this pairing is officially A Thing now and that pleases me to no end.

Thanks for reading! ♥

Whispering Trees

Chapter Summary

Minimus tries to enjoy his alone time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Minimus awoke, he knew on instinct alone that he was alone in the estate.

A scheduling ping was all it took to confirm it- and as Minimus rose for the day, once more he wished his brother well in his endeavors.

Not that he needed it.

Dominus always took a task well in hand when one should present himself to him, and Minimus could count the times he had known of his brother to fail on one hand.

It could both deter and inspire his own drive to try to find a place to fit.

Fortunately, the moment found him at the latter.

Even better was when he came into the main area of their domicile to get himself a top-up on fuel, the small token of well-wishing he had left was gone.

He'd have been disappointed if Dominus hadn't taken it, but not surprised.

It wasn't as if he *needed* help being one of Cybertron's best, but at the same time he had Minimus, one of Cybertron's generally most unremarkable for a brother, so maybe that wasn't entirely true at all.

Regardless, Minimus had used up his strict self-imposed 'feeling sorry for oneself' time, so he got his energon and readied himself for a productive day.

Minimus' first course of action, as it always was, was to *clean*. It soothed him for reasons he didn't feel much like delving into for fear of uncovering more unpleasant things he tended to gently push from the fore of his mind.

Cleanliness was close to godliness, and he could at least manage *that*.

Not to mention, he had it on a good source that the enforcers' guilds around the polities valued such habits in their officers.

For a moment, Minimus considered going back again to the security hub in Iacon, to see if they'd let him even *apply* again before he was kindly rejected.

What good was an exemption if he wasn't allowed to do something he was sure he could *excel* at, after all?

For all that his brother had done for Cybertron, and their shared name was what held Minimus back... or else, that was what he'd blame it on. Nobody wanted to be the organization that got the brother of Dominus Ambus killed, after all.

Minimus shook his helm, and his mind out of that track.

Cybertron didn't need him- didn't need someone with no outstanding traits save for a name and an outlier's spark in a protector's role and he needn't dwell on those thoughts anymore.

Directly following cleaning, Minimus resolved to go about his job hunt once more. It was..... disheartening, to say the least, to log into his workstation to the kindly rejections of places he had inquired into about possible employment.

After the third one, worded *nearly* the same as the first two and *offending* his senses with terrible grammar, he closed his workstation out and withdraw one of his private datapads from his desk.

Pinging the schedule once again told him he'd have *quite* a long time to himself. Such an opportunity was rare and offered a tantalizing opportunity- and one that gave him no small measure of guilt.

It was difficult for Minimus to properly assess those emotional states of others on a *good* day, but this was made worse with the anxiety that his last dismissal evoked paired with Dominus' lukewarm reaction to the news.

An intrusive little part of his mind wondered how long his fortune *really* could last, and if there was a precedent for someone as rare as a spark twin disowning their sibling.

He made his way to the shared living area anyways, deciding this was proof positive that he needed the stress relief. He'd already re-read the enforcers' codebooks for Iacon, Praxus, and the personnel conduct book for Kaon's elite security force.

It was time for a more pro-active attempt to de-stress.

... Of course, pro-active was to lead to in-active, as Minimus settled himself on a couch with cushions about his frame and a delicate Polyhexan heights music file playing over the speakers. It was a rare decadence for him, as he didn't get much use out of this furniture. Usually it was reserved for Dominus' important guests, those sorts that would expect such things as delicate mesh decorations.

It *was* his house too, though- He thought indignantly, opening up a blank file to tap away. Why shouldn't he use a few pillows for a little extra comfort?

With an attempt to put his current mental and emotional state down in verse well under way, Minimus set in to enjoy his day alone- even if it killed him.

Minimus' time alone won't kill him, but judging from my beta's reactions, the next chapter might off a few of you, my gentle readers ;)

Comments and kudos are very appreciated! Thank you for reading! ♥

Passionate Pleas

Chapter Summary

Dominus has an encounter, hates himself for it, and makes his choice.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Dominus returned home just hours later- and well ahead of schedule, he found himself frozen at the threshold. His disappointment at the meeting's changes dueled with his urgency to get home, and if he thought a hasty prayer or a plea to Primus at the sight that met him, he didn't know.

Their entrance hall was *extremely* modest as entrance halls went- but it led right into the main living area... and right directly to where Minimus was in recharge on one of the couches, expression purely seraphic in nature.

Dominus approached slowly, afraid to ruin the scene in front of him with his very presence.

Minimus had fallen into recharge sitting up on their largest couch, surrounded by pillows and with a particular datapad Dominus couldn't remember having seen before this point resting in his lap.

A half-filled decanter of energon sat at the side-table well within reach, and for a moment, Dominus' spark pulsed harder, spun faster, at the thought that *perhaps*, Minimus had aimed to wait up for him.

He wasn't scheduled to be home again until the next morning, but the meeting had gone catastrophic and wonderful when Dominus arrived only to be told that due to his work, the legislators they had been gearing up to meet and negotiate with accepted their terms unconditionally.

He had been elated and devastated in equal measure, excited for the change that would come due to his work on one hand and that his plans had been so thoroughly foiled on the other.

No longer having to plan and leave for the trip left him with free time, and he feared his idle hands could become Unicron's playthings.

Suddenly, he snapped out of his reverie and almost jerked back when he realized he was knelt next to his brother with that selfsame hand on Minimus' knee.

Minimus hadn't stirred.

Dominus' interface systems spun up nearly all at once, his modesty paneling pinged him to open.

It would be *so* easy to just..... *take* what he wanted, just then and there.

He stroked up Minimus' thigh fondly, and his spark pulsed so madly he was sure it'd burst.

The tips of his digits felt like they were aflame with the contact made on Minimus' cool plating,

and the temptation made his spark's yearning all the worse. He wanted to look everywhere and touch everything, wanted to kiss Minimus until he couldn't stand the love-drunkenness and slotted himself between those thighs.

But as he gazed at Minimus' sleeping face, gazed at those lips and that overall trusting expression... Dominus just *couldn't bring himself to do it*.

He *still* had those last vestiges of his tattered control and behavioral standard in place.

If he was going to be driven down this possible path, he'd have a little decorum as he damned himself to the pit.

With all the care he could muster and his hold about his surging compulsion to *possess* stronger than any element on or off of Cybertron, Dominus gathered Minimus into his arms and moved towards his brother's rooms.

By the time Dominus settled his brother down onto his berth, a tremble had taken up in his frame.

It had been *exceedingly* difficult to peel his hands away from Minimus' frame when he had him finally laying down, that contact had been the purest of balms to his frazzled spark.

Standing over Minimus whilst he slept so soundly brought him back to his dilemma, plus more.

His desire had morphed into plain *yearning*.

Dominus *yearned* to hold Minimus, yearned to touch him again, even if that meant just crawling into berth next to him.

An image flashed through his mind- of sleeping Minimus held close to Dominus' chest with Dominus thrusting at the apex of his thighs, against his closed panel. He could finish, make a pseudo tie all without disturbing his brother's sleep...

Trembling worse, Dominus shook himself out of his fantasy, realizing he had knelt down to face level. His pings had become insistent.

Quickly, so he couldn't hesitate any more than he had before, Dominus leaned in to press his lips to Minimus' for just a breath of a moment, before he tore himself away and withdrew from his brother's rooms entirely.

Once back in the main area of the flat, Dominus bee-lined for the energon left out.

Fans roaring on full, Dominus threw back the entire container, drinking it down in long, undignified gulps before essentially throwing himself on the couch there.

No heat left his frame, and the yawning need inside of him remained hungry, addling his senses and- *no*, it *wasn't* just his need, and the scent of Minimus all around him- *clinging* to his frame- drove him nearly feral for want.

His chemoreceptors, attuned so closely to the scent of his most beloved Minimus, focused him in on the couch, where Minimus *had* to have sat for several hours. He had one of the cushions pressed to his nasal ridge before he could even really think about what he was doing, and was instantly *intoxicated*.

He wanted to go back and put his hands back on Minimus, wanted to taste him and be inside him and fill him with sparklets and be *one*.

Dominus' panel popped, and he froze, staring down at his pressurizing spike in disbelief.

It gave a hard, un pitying throb at him in turn that made him want to move his hips, and the head of it came to rest against the remainder of the pillows.

All it took was the slightest adjustment and lift on to his knees to bring his spike to rest on top of the stack, and the slightest downturn to make it press into the soft fabric.

Minimus filled his senses once more at a deep invent, and the stimulation that resulted from the bucking of Dominus' hips drew a hybrid of a moan and a whimper from his vocalizer.

He was scarcely in control of his frame when his optics shuttered and he rolled his hips again, a little harder, to make the pillow surround his spike a little better as he bent over it and pressed the first cushion to his face.

Images of his brother haunted him, the impression of Minimus, how he could've slotted in next to him or covered his panel with his mouth and licked him awake when he was on this same couch, overwhelmed him and he thrust a little harder. White-hot pleasure raced over his sensornet and he didn't falter from this hard, slow pace as he thought of the chaste little peck he had stolen.

He wanted to kiss Minimus again. He wanted to hear Minimus calling out his designation and he wanted to fuck him until he *screamed* and he **wanted**.

The rhythm of his hips fell into snaps as his knot began to swell at the base of his spike and repeated stimulation brought him to the edge. It was not the stimulation that brought him over, however, but another mental image - one of Minimus wholly accepting his advances- taking him and his spike inside of him in that most plain of claims laid onto his frame and spark.

He wanted to be wanted *back*.

The curve of Dominus' knot caught on the decorative edge of the pillow, and he was thrown into overload.

His frame seized in a bow, with the one cushion still pressed to his face and his hips twitching just minutely with every spurt of his trapped spike.

It was bliss and torture and Dominus was *so* in love and loathed himself with all of his being.

Coming out of his overload had him feeling hazy- as if he'd been drugged or recharged too long, and it was all he could do to take that transfluid-soiled pillow and toss it out when his spike had *finally* depressurized and he could feel less like a deviant walking around his own home.

The other one never left his arms, and he made his way to his berth-- and into sleep- with it clutched tight.

... I meant to upload this chapter a couple of days ago, but I forgot, RIP.

Poor Dominus, given no quarter by his merciless instincts... :) (That's where a huge section of that DubCon tag comes from, by the way. Obviously another huge portion is the unsolicited touching. The rest of it? We'll seeee~)

Comments and kudos are very appreciated! Thank you for reading! ♥

Tender Replies

Chapter Summary

The choice is solidified, but communication is moot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Dominus woke, it was to a tiredness in his frame and mind that wasn't entirely from his short recharge time.

He rose slowly, and made it all the way to his shower to wash off the dried transfluid from hours prior before something broke internally. He leaned against the wall and let the weight of his actions wash over him.

There were no reparations that would be enough to fix what he had done.

To have put *his hands* on Minimus while his brother *slept*....

What he had done was, in plain term, reprehensible.

And yet, he couldn't bring himself to regret it, save for the anguish that last little responsible part of him felt at his actions.

There would *never* be anything he could do to make up for the line he had crossed, no, but he made up his mind to strive for it.

He just had to convince Minimus that he wanted Dominus *back*.

When he dared to venture back out into the main area, nothing had changed from the night prior.

The faint scents of ozone and overload hung in the air and compounded on the shame he had tried so valiantly to wash off just prior, but the fact that everything had remained the same gave him a touch of purpose- so he pushed himself into tidying up the area.

He was just thinking that the extra pillows- one of which now in residence on his berthing wouldn't be missed when he spotted the datapad.

Dominus wracked his memory trying to remember if he had seen this particular pad before, and all that came up was the night prior. In his fascination, he must not have noticed when it slid from Minimus' lap to the floor.

He took a moment to envy the thing in a manner quite unbecoming and frankly stupid before he picked it up and flicked it on.

Unsurprisingly, it came on to display an orderly table of contents, micromanaged down to thematic elements. Surprisingly, aside from the journal entries, it contained what *looked* to be poetry.

Turning the pad off and back on again didn't appear to make the suspect files disappear, so

Dominus was forced to conclude that *his* brother, *his* Minimus Ambus, had written whatever was in them.

He sat down and opened the first one for viewing.

Minimus woke to disorientation and staring at the ceiling of his berthroom. It took him a long moment to recall the night before, and he found that after a certain point, he simply couldn't.

There was, however, only one way he would have gotten back to his room like this- so he pinged the schedule.

Embarrassment stole over him as it told him what he was sure would be true- Dominus' end of the schedule had been revised some time during his bout of writing and reading.

Dominus had to have moved him sometime during the night.

Minimus re-shuttered his optics and rubbed his thumb and forefinger over them, fighting down the mortification. He had likely looked ridiculous, and Dominus had the kindness to move his sorry aft back to his rooms.

He felt he didn't deserve the kindness.

Despite the near consuming desire to huddle up in his berth coverings, Minimus extricated himself to standing. He needed to refuel, if he was going to make a good attempt at being productive..... and to save a little face, should he encounter his brother.

Fuel would be a good first step to productivity, he decided.

The 'should he' twisted into a sudden 'will' when Minimus reached the shared area- and laid optics on Dominus lounging on the couch with Minimus' private datapad in hand. There was a strange, inscrutable look to his expression and frame language, one Minimus couldn't say he'd observed before.

More pressingly, when it hit him that Dominus was *reading* his *private datapad*, his despair crystallized into a tiny noise of discontent and Dominus looked up- to turn that strange expression and all of the intensity behind it- to him.

Minimus reset his vocalizer and tried to compose himself.

"Dominus." He said in greeting, hoping his chagrin didn't come through in his voice.

Dominus regarded him in a most painful silence for a moment, before nodding in turn. "Minimus." There was an edge to his voice that made the whole encounter stranger, compounded in the way his optics never left Minimus'.

The disorienting moment made the air between them feel as if was thick, only broken when Minimus spoke again. "... My datapad?"

Dominus looked from him to the pad and back again, spell seemingly broken.

"Ah, yes." He said, though instead of offering it over, he laid it in his lap. "After I took you to bed-" he paused a beat, Minimus wouldn't have noticed if not for the same atmosphere- but Dominus continued " I supposed I just missed it. Your poetry is interesting."

He seemed to realize he hadn't offered this *very* private piece of property back to it's rightful owner, and hastily stood to walk over, pad outstretched awkwardly. "I enjoyed it." He added almost as an after thought, as if it hadn't exactly occurred to him to compliment *correctly*.

Minimus took hold of the pad, but Dominus didn't let go. Optic contact persisted, and so did the strange way Dominus gazed down at him. There was an unidentifiable softness to Dominus on top of everything else and the air grew thick either anticipation between them.

Dominus licked his lips in a split second motion, such an expression of nervousness was something it had been eons some Minimus had last observed of his brother.

"I have several days free." He stated, as if Minimus hadn't already checked the schedule this morning.

"We haven't spent much time with each other lately." Another fact stated, and Minimus was growing more confused by the astrosecond-

"I'd like to spend it together, with you."

Oh.

Oh.

Minimus blinked owlshly at him for a number of seconds before it registered. It was the time it took for Dominus' expression to start to fall.

"... You don't have anything better to do?" He winced at the words as they escaped his vocalizer. He'd not spend leisure time with himself if he had the choice.

However, Dominus smiled a tender smile.

"I can't think of *anything* I'd rather do."

Chapter End Notes

All I can say for the end of this chapter is "Mwahahahaa" ;)

I'd say expect a mid-june update for the next, seeing how things are going, unless I get particularly inspired before then.

All of your comments so far have had me cackling in so much glee! I appreciate each and every one of you.

Echo Their Sighs

Chapter Summary

Attempts are made.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The hole Dominus had dug himself was disgustingly deep.

Minimus had taken his datapad and fled from his presence after giving a tentative agreement, and Dominus was awash with both a giddy floating glee and contrition for how confused his brother ended up.

Dominus couldn't think about that at the moment, though. There were *preparations* to be had.

First step was to update their schedule, in consideration for Minimus' need for structure.

The next took Dominus for a wash- or at least, grooming to perfection for their impending first outing- was the excuse for what hastily devolved into masturbation.

He held his spike in a firm fist as he pumped it under the spray of his shower, aroused by the excitement, the intoxicating scent of his brother so close just moments before- *everything*.

Foremost in his thoughts was Minimus' private datapad and the apparently clandestine writing contained within.

Primus, he wished that he had known that Minimus like *poetry* before this point.

His Minimus, so staunch and serious when he needn't be constantly... It wasn't as if Dominus *didn't know* these softer worlds to Minimus' self-imposed angles, but they were hard to uncover, if not formerly impossible. He had known of the music, but this was a new frontier.

Ethereal in twinned silver moonlight

Optics of a predator cannot look behind

Only forwards to that most bountiful prey

Injustice

Dominus groaned as he spilled into his palm at overload, spark fluttering madly as he wished so dearly to have Minimus feeling the way he did.

The little work-in-progress was about *him* and it had stolen his thoughts from his systems and the breath from his frame when he had come to that revelation. That yawning need in his spark had

turned all-consuming for a few brief moments, and he had been barely able to hold himself together when Minimus had caught him reading.

Presently, he basked in the afterglow of his climax as hot liquid sluiced over his frame. He decided to take a few more minutes of leisure before beginning the process of drying and polishing.

The more radiant he could be in Minimus' optics, the better- and the closer to the two of them reuniting in spark once more.

Dominus practically vibrated his way out of the door with Minimus by his side.

He was determined to make the day perfect, though he was under no illusion that a single outing to grow closer would ignite the sort of relationship his spark wanted with Minimus.

Still, he had to try. For his own sake yes, but out of a *most* pure desire to see Minimus happy.

He wanted to spoil Minimus, and make him feel spoiled in turn.

"Dominus?"

The elder Ambus nearly jumped out of his plating for how Minimus' voice startled him. He halted in his tracks, and swung his gaze around to where Minimus had been trailing behind him.

"Where are we *going*?"

Dominus resisted the urge to shrivel in on himself in the sudden rush of mortification. He was acting like a newforge, all headfirst and excitable and it needed to *cease*.

He wanted this to be a *partnership*, not led by Dominus's spark and spike and inability to plan perfectly 100% of the time.

Not to mention a little input from Minimus. It'd make him complicit in his own seduction, after all.

"I have a standing invitation to a local artist's exhibition." He said, working to keep that embarrassment well out of his voice. "I figured it'd be a nice visit."

And it was well within walking distance, too- a perfect storm of a potential romantic encounter... if not for the quizzical look Minimus was giving him, that covered into a masking of agreeable and neutral.

"Alright, let's see how it goes." Came the wary reply.

It wasn't exactly the response see Dominus hoped for, but knowing who his brother was, it didn't surprise him. He understood that Minimus didn't like deviations from the norm on the best of days, but Dominus planned to change that for the better.

First was to fall into step with Minimus beside him, as opposed to allowing him to walk behind. It was a goal to aim for, in a broader manner.

Their remaining walk was too quiet and distant, for Dominus' tastes. He had given far less detail about this outing than his brother wanted, he knew, but he wanted their visit to a lovely spontaneous surprise.

When they reached the gate of Iacon's premier crystal garden, an enforcer stationed there gave them a long once over but allowed them to pass without incident.

Once inside and halfway to the heart of the garden it was obvious why the enforcer was there in the first place, and Dominus winced internally to see a good smattering of high society mecha milling about.

The exhibition was obviously not as advertised- with the pieces a focus on the beauty of the orderliness and patterns of nature- and more of a high-class networking event.

Minimus seemed to realize this too- if without the actual spirit of what the exhibition was about, and seemed to have tensed and drawn in on himself.

All in all, not the ideal situation for a *date*.

Dominus' processor raced, trying to think of a way to salvage the visit when someone began to approach them.

Dominus recognized the infamous senator for what he was right off, and his instant tension had Minimus stepping back behind him. But, a *choice* usher intercepting the mech and a quick tug at his arm saved them.

"The esteemed Dominus Ambus! I was *hoping* you'd make an appearance at some point! and is this your brother I see here? I don't believe we've met."

Primus must *not* have forsaken the two of them, and he put up his political mask instantly and gratefully.

"Senator Shockwave! A pleasure to see you again." He turned just so, to expose Minimus. "and you're absolutely correct, this is my dearest brother, Minimus." Thankfully Minimus read the situation for what it was and while he was no longer as tense, he barely managed a curt nod before the Senator spoke again.

"The pleasure is *truly* mine." He said, giving Minimus a once-over. Dominus *didn't* bristle- or he told himself he wasn't, more like, but he *didn't* want his brother stolen out from under his chemoreceptors. "You've got good taste in your green, always a joy to meet someone who knows how to coordinate~!"

Shockwave gave a jaunty wink before motioning his helm behind him. "Shall I show you the sights before ol' Batty catches on to my mischief?"

Swept into Shockwave's whirlwind of personality, the brothers followed his weaving path through the crowd and onto a secluded side path.

Like magic, the three of them were *nearly* alone, and stood in front of a crystalline statue nestled among the actual growths. No one else paid it any mind, but as Dominus found himself drawn into a conversation with the senator, he noticed Minimus approaching the art piece.

The rest of their visit went much the same, if with an oddly surreal bend to it. His spark remained squarely yearning, but Shockwave's congratulations and the news that his frenzied work had an impact and moved legislation forwards was a thorough distraction.

It was exciting, and with years of work behind this one project, his zeal overrode his mission- if temporarily.

Shockwave was excusing himself by the time Dominus was starting to realize what he'd done, and with his -in this form- metaphorical tail tucked between his legs, he approached the bench his brother silently sat at in what appeared to be quiet contemplation.

"Minimus?"

The smaller mech looked up at him as he called out.

"Minimus-" He faltered as he soaked in his brother's expression- or un-readable non-expression, rather.

He looked completely neutral "...Shall we go back home now?" He asked, trying not to show how ashamed he was. Minimus likely thought he was dragged along to this outing for appearances. The welcome presence of Shockwave as well as the alarming presence of Ratbat spoke only to a fraction of the total attendees- attendees whose political acumen could further Dominus' own in an unimaginable number of ways.

The walk back to the estate found Minimus' reception *frosty* - if polite- at best.

When they got into the entrance hall, Minimus turned back to him, countenance the same.

"I've asked before, but please- refrain from including me in political outings with so little notice."

Primus and did that make his spark feel like it'd drop right out of it's casing.

There weren't any excuses to be made- that wouldn't seem like weakness, that is. Dominus had fragged up, and he hoped he'd not fragged up the whole ordeal. His spark seemed pleased at his contrition, urged him to take his brother in his arms and kiss the frown from his expression and let him know how he *really* felt about him- what he'd have wanted if things went smoothly..... or smoother, rather.

"I apologize, it truly wasn't... "

Minimus was already retreating from his presence and Dominus pressed on that feeling of Minimus in his spark as he went for reassurance.

He needed to give him time to let those bad feelings fade off. When the hall door slid shut behind his twin's back, Dominus miserably retreated to his own rooms to plan his next move.

Chapter End Notes

And attempts fail.

Next chapter will be posted this time in July or while I'm at tfcon in Toronto!

Next chapter: we have the clue-by-four. ;)

Thanks for reading! And once again, thank you so much for the comments and kudos. It makes my evil lil heart happy to see so many people stuck on this ship with me. ♥

They Gently Sway

Chapter Summary

Shades of the truth come out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

That night, Dominus took the time to delve back into Shockwave's research, and found himself reading more about the twins featured within.

It was all anonymous, so as to protect the identities of the mecha- and wasn't that frustrating if only for the fact that Dominus would've preferred to be able to interview these people himself.

It was perfectly understandable, however. It'd protect them should something... untoward happen with such delicate research.

"Twin" meant something dangerous to those more function-minded, especially since most twins appeared to have different forms and functions. Him being little better than a wild turbofox in his irreducible form and his brother being.... somewhat *different*, spoke to that, though Shockwave's research spoke about a pair of twins where one was a drill and the other a flier.

They were reported as inseparable.

Dominus frowned at his screen as if it would change things between him and Minimus.

But, it didn't and the code remained uncracked.

The limited data wouldn't help him here, but he consumed it voraciously none-the-less, using other supplemental and separate data to read on bonds and behavior. A wild thought struck him out of the blue and Dominus had already made the relevant search by the time his brain module caught up to his impulses.

The image of a turbofox seemed to stare back at him from where it was inset into the head of a paper, and Dominus let the shame wash over him as he contemplated for just a moment what he was doing. He grew hot with embarrassment and dropped his helm into his hands after making it past the first few notes on behavior.

Closing out of the document and sitting up straighter, Dominus deep-cycled a few vents and stood to pace through this room and the next. A *turbofox* wouldn't give so much of a damn- but he wasn't so much of a common turbofox, now was he.

He certainly didn't feel anything close to *clever* like a fox, and he allowed himself to agonize over it for far longer than was necessary or dignified.

It was when night was falling and dusk had settled in to stay that he asked himself if he was going to allow himself to be a coward or tackle this issue like he would any other.

So, he emerged from his rooms and took the long strides to the entrance to Minimus'.

Even there, he hesitated.

This was a completely unexplored terrain he was heading himself in to and there was a real possibility of some conflict awaiting him if he breached his brother's privacy to make his case.

He knew for a fact that it wouldn't devolve into violence, but with all this need for Minimus and desire to be close to him- he would descend to new levels of despicableness if he made the only person suited to be his literal other half feel unsafe.

He was in love with Minimus, yes, but he also *loved* him dearly, and this would be a shock to end all shocks for the dynamic between them.

At the same time, a shake up of dynamic would be, *could be* a boon - if the day was any indication to the temperature to their relationship as a whole.

The last time these urges had come on him- the last time he could say he *got away*- he had left with little word and congratulated himself on a job well done even if it was at the expense of something important to Minimus at the time.

It still brought him to this point though, didn't it? He had never wanted to hurt him, but here he was, doing so on a regular basis.

But- his spark was singing for the anticipation in front of him.

He pinged Minimus for entry despite never having to do so before this point, suddenly overcome with such a need to be formal. He could've knocked, and perhaps he'd have looked just that much less of a crankshaft if he had.

Minimus sent back a confirmation with a confused glyph on the tail of it and Dominus stood standing at the door for another long moment before moving into and then through it as it slid aside for him. He would not hesitate any more.

All at once he was buffeted by the scent of Minimus all around and through him. All at once it soothed and excited him, sending his spark into a series of hard pulses.

Then, Minimus looked up at him from where he was seated at his desk and it was all Dominus could do to keep from collapsing in on himself. He looked wary and curious and unhappy in that muted way he had about him when he wasn't about to express himself.

"Minimus, there's something I'd like to speak with you about..."

Dominus' odd behavior had culminated in *this*, and Minimus wasn't sure about how it had even come to this point. He looked reticent, to be sure, but there was more than just a bad day's choices in his expression.

Minimus hadn't intended to be as brusque as he was in asking Dominus what he wanted, but he also hadn't expected the answer he was given and so he refreshed his memory cache before reviewing it and looking at his elder brother in complete incomprehension.

"...I.... I don't... Pardon?" he settled on weakly, wondering for a moment if some of the circuitry in his brain module had come loose. Dominus still looked at him with the same level of intensity that he displayed before their ill-fated outing, and it suddenly made a lot more sense.

If *sense* could be an accurate descriptor for this- this *mess*, this madhouse his life had suddenly

turned into.

Dominus appeared to think for a few difficult moments and started again, though from that bit of hesitancy in his tone it seemed much like he was weighing his options.

Mercifully, he condensed the speech down to a single sentence. He took a deep cycling vent in what looked like an effort to steel himself.

"Due to who we are to one another, as well as the strength of my feelings on this matter, I'd much like to someday form a relationship with you that one day could be akin to one of Conjunx Endura."

It was a more digestible version of what Dominus had originally come at him with and the meaning of his words were clear as the finest crystal.... Save for Minimus' disbelief.

There wasn't much for Minimus to *say* to this, per say- what *could* he say anyways? He'd never thought to prepare himself for a moment like this, even in his wildest and most bizarre dreams.

So, Minimus fell back on the simple questions. 'What' had been essentially covered. ".... Why?"

Dominus didn't seem to expect the question, though he didn't seem like he knew himself what he *did* expect.

".... I think I've always felt this way, and having done the research I have into this.... subject," Because *of course* he had found a way to make such a declaration academically reliable- " but I think it's just taken this long to come to terms with the fact that my spark has never wanted to be apart from yours." Dominus brought his hand to rest where his spark lie in his truest, beastly form, and he gazed at Minimus and Minimus could see now that his gaze was one of a strange-lighted adoration and a naked desire for something Minimus hadn't fully parsed yet.

It all made an alarming amount of sense, and 'when' had been answered.

For a moment it seemed as if Dominus was coming closer, but he didn't appear to move at all.

"There's a connection between us that we've neglected." Dominus' voice as soft, sonorous and apparently sweet on him. He knew what he meant if only in part, however- as there wasn't any way he *couldn't*. He had always felt Dominus' presence in his spark, it was a constant in his life that was both a boon and often an ever-reminding curse, softened only by distance when Dominus was drawn away.

"We are one spark made two." And didn't Dominus ever sound more like he was reassuring himself of that there- but still, Minimus felt his own spark give something of a squeeze in reply to his declaration.

This was all so much, so fast.

For a long moment he hesitated, deliberated.

"How are you wanting this to be?" All at once, Dominus' affect perked up. The sheer possibility of 'maybe' set a gleam to his optics that Minimus could not rightly name save for the impression of *hunger*.

"If," He said firmly. "If we were to entertain a notion such as this, how would you want this to be?" His voice only quaked a little at the end and he was proud of himself for that, even if he had no clue what in the fresh hell he was doing and getting himself into.

"Well, Minimus, I would like absolutely nothing more than to court you." Dominus shifted in his seat momentarily before settling, looking all for the world like he to get up and pace, or come closer. "Today was.... not ideal."

Minimus wasn't always the best at controlling his expressions, this was no exception to that as Dominus once more looking guilty told him.

He was quick to speak again. "Truly, I'd have asked you to a place better suited, but I became too hasty."

Minimus considered all of this in a silence that only seemed appropriate for such a string of confessions.

He hadn't been so ignorant to think that he and Dominus were any sort of normal in the first place, as those rare kindled siblings were. *They* didn't have the presence of their siblings always present at the back of their sparks. Was it an anxiety fueled reminder? Or a neglected duty?

For a moment, Minimus wondered what he'd done to deserve the turmoil roiling about inside him.

Chapter End Notes

This is a later update than I intended but Y'all, Tfcon TO was SO SO fun. One of the best parts of it? [This here](#) was announced. My god do I ever need a Dominus of my own. Hot diggity dog. :P

I almost forgot!! For my birthday the lovely eatyoursparkout gifted me [This](#) here piece of art and I look at it every day and sigh happy. The Minimus/Dominus ship grows ever stronger. >D

I should be updating again in August! Your comments and kudos have been much appreciated and keep me writing!! Thanks for reading! ♥

To Some Secluded Place

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Minimus had said yes.

Or rather, Minimus had agreed in a tentative, unsure manner to another attempt at an outing- an honest to Primus *date* and Dominus was resolved not to frag it up.

It was terrifying.

Terrifying and *exhilarating* and Dominus found himself with a laser focus that was unmistakable.

There was a goal to accomplish and he was nothing if not tenacious.

Minimus was in his sights and there would be only one inevitable end to the hunt.

The want in his spark had morphed fully from his hellish brand of yearning to a sort of anticipation, coiled deep and heavy and Dominus was ready to spring.

Metaphorically, of course.

But also literally.

Dominus was shocked his panel wasn't bowed out for as hard he was. As he made it back to his rooms and let his panel pop- he set himself a reminder to make reservations for dinner.

Their reservation approached, and Dominus exemplified the perfect gentle-mech in the face of his brother's nerves.

He felt like *himself* again, fully- but not whole, *yet*.

When they met again, Minimus looked at him with new optics and a thrill rushed through him at the very concept that perhaps, Minimus had turned shy.

It wasn't as if it was any secret that Minimus didn't have dearth of admirers- but to Dominus' eternal luck now he didn't have the confidence to put himself out there.

A uniquely dual protective and predatory feeling slipped into his spark and he suppressed it ruthlessly, determined to give Minimus the space he needed as they worked out this new foray.

Minimus must have been able to see those nuances in Dominus' gaze now, however, as he broke their shared gaze quickly as they headed out the door.

To his credit, he only ogled Minimus' aft a *little* bit.

He'd not be able to shake that little wondering voice that asked if Minimus would cover his face when he fragged him for the entirety of the date.

Arriving was an inconsequential affair, though to the credit of the head waiter they were seated right away in one of the more private alcoves the establishment had to offer. Dominus was grateful for the privacy it afforded, as he was too occupied by Minimus' countenance to worry about those around them.

The lower towers were not what Dominus would call affordable, not by standards he was striving for as a whole- but the Ambus nobility did afford the two of them a measure of both luxury and discretion that Dominus fully intended to take advantage of.

"I must confess," Minimus started quietly, and Dominus' whole body perked in response. "I'm not used to..... *this*. This ah... I'm not one to date." He cut off his vocalizer lamely, obviously floundering.

Dominus chuckled softly and chuckled yet still at the dismayed look on Minimus' face. He laid his hand over his brother's and was delighted when it wasn't pulled away. "I'd say that it's a pity, for how enjoyable you are, Minimus- but it's certainly fortuitous for *me*." He'd not meant to add the little rumble to his voice at the end- it was a function of his own lust, after all- but the blush that stole over Minimus' face made it all the more worthwhile.

"I... ah...."

"We needn't talk about 'date things', Minimus." He interrupted gently. "Simply, I'd like for us to enjoy each other's company and grow closer." He thought for a moment, and squeezed Minimus' captured hand. "I want to see how I can make you happy."

That seemed to be too much for Minimus as he ducked his head from Dominus' gaze, but Dominus didn't mind.

The rest of their dinner date went smooth as Dominus could hope for with the two of them being their own brand of messes.

He knew very well that Minimus was.... *inexperienced* when it came to relationships of most measures, but what he'd thought of as exacting standards when they were younger had solidified into an obvious need for knowledge.

If Minimus *knew* whoever was his romantic interest, he'd be happiest. If he could be assured that his behavior and efforts were pleasing, he'd be even happier. Just a moment of thanks and appreciation for the fuel left out for him some days prior earned Dominus another rare blush. Dominus wondered at the back of his mind if his brother would overheat if he kept paying him complements, and had half a mind to find out.

Minimus liked to be *acknowledged*.

Even if he'd never admit it himself.

Dominus resolved to hold that in the front of his mind at all times when with his brother.

By the time they returned home, Minimus' posture had eased by some extent. He hustled right in when they arrived with leftovers in hand and made his way in to store them with a haste Dominus simply found adorable.

Minimus hadn't relaxed entirely, though the date had helped and Dominus wanted to kick himself just that much more for thinking somewhere deep inside that he'd warm just within that single positive encounter.

At the threshold to Minimus' rooms, Dominus held his hand once more and told him how much he enjoyed keeping company with Minimus for dinner and suggested they schedule another date to further explore this new realm of compatibility.

He didn't try and kiss him, no matter how much he wanted to.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is going to be *Tasty*. ;>

Thanks for reading! I adore the comments I've gotten, both here and on my tumblr :D

See you in September!

Rich as the Night

Chapter Notes

;)-Gestures at tags-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few days found Dominus called away for long hours of work. All at once he found the separation to be both a boon and a curse. A craving for contact clawed at his lines, left the most painful itch just under the plating over his spark.

But, when he woke in the middle of the night with a growl in his throat and a haze over his mind that frightened him in the mornings when he came back to left him glad for the exhaustion. The last he wanted was his body and his spark to take that choice away from the two of them

Waking a third time with delusions of aggression and *possession* coursing through his being, he forced himself to cycle down before settling into the wider datanet for some research.

At the same time, Minimus had done some research of his own and come to some sudden and not altogether welcome..... though certainly not actually unwelcome conclusions about this untouched land he and his brother were getting into.

On one of those busy days, Dominus had left a datapad out in the open. It'd annoyed Minimus at first to no end but his tune flipped immediately when it lit in his hand.

Leitmotiv was an operatic composer and singer with clean and compelling repetitive themes in his music. Minimus didn't call himself a *fan* so much as an interested listener, one who owned several of this particular performer's operas.

Co-incidentally, of course.

The performer was currently touring, and a cursory ping of their shared schedules showed a suspicious gap in Dominus', which seemed to coincide with Lemotiv's soonest upcoming performance.

It was a little embarrassing how long it took for Minimus to realize the little set up that'd been left for him, and he took a critical optic to the datapad... which had been left so conspicuously where Minimus would run across it.

Additionally, there was a waiting alert, and for that split-second curiosity overwhelmed his sense of propriety and he elected to check it.

That, must have been set up too, though he realized that right away, as the screen reflected back at him a purchase confirmation page for two tickets to the opera.

On the day Dominus had cleared his schedule.

On the day Lemotiv would be performing his collected works.

Minimus' spark lept in his chest as it came together into a pretty picture.

This was to be another *date*.

It was a sudden and exhilarating and terrifying revelation, for all the research he'd done lately on dating, and the standard requirements certain numbers merited.

Datapad still in hand, he sat himself on one of their firmer chairs. He desperately felt that he needed the support, after all.

Was he really, *actually* ready for this?

The most informative sectors of the datanet told him he would be- or he *should* be at the very least.

Some strange anxiety twinned with excitement span his spark faster. Would *that* be what Dominus would want? Would *expect*?

His brother had a greater knowledge of such matters and this was no secret to Minimus, nor had it ever bothered him before this point. Of course Dominus would know about the matter of dating, and would naturally want something like.... *interface* from him.

He had to assume so- since Dominus was the one to initiate their tentative relationship in the first place.

An image stole into Minimus' mind, of the pair of them coming back home post-performance. Would Dominus take him into his arms, then into his private rooms?

Minimus' fans stuttered to life, making him jump and startling him out of his reverie. He took a moment to manually shut them down before warily regarding the datapad once more.

With a deep vent he hoped would soothe him, he accessed his schedule, and very purposefully blocked off the time of the opera, making sure to account for preparation and travel.

A few moments later he pinged Dominus', and was unsurprised to see it match his to the letter.

The anxiety didn't hit again until Minimus was standing there in his washrack, staring down at his pedes.

He'd polished himself.

It wasn't some little basic touch up and polish, one for his going out or going out as one of his station.

This was the full works, and he could nearly see himself in the shine when his mind caught on a small loop.

Would he be able to see himself in his finish still, when the time came and Dominus interfaced with him?

Heady anticipation and fear charged through him all at once, and he swayed in place.

They'd reached the requisite number of dates and unless Minimus had sorely mistaken Dominus and his intent, then he had better prepare himself.

When it came time for Minimus and Dominus to depart for the Opera, Minimus was *tense*.

Fair enough, as his tension wasn't something unusual or out of the ordinary and especially of late, with these new venues to their relationship putting him on edge.

Minimus was a creature of habit and security and comfort, and he was trying so hard, all for him and what they could have one day.

So, Dominus' spark positively glowed with pride when Minimus met him at the threshold.

"You look lovely." Dominus stated with a soft smile, offering his twin his arm. Minimus' answering look spoke to his troublingly diffident nature, but he murmured a sincere thanks, paired with a pretty blush on his green, shiny faceplate as he stepped in to take that offered arm.

And shiny it was, Minimus was more polished than Dominus had seen in what felt like centuries. It was no utilitarian finish like he knew his brother preferred, but something he must have had to have gone out of his way to purchase.

And it was all for him. *For them*.

The urge to back step the pair of them back into their main living area and push Minimus down onto that plush couch so he could lick every micron of that polish from Minimus' frame until his twin was writhing in pleasure was tempting to the point of distraction.

Luckily for the pair of them, Minimus seemed able to remain focused. He reset his vocalizer. "Shall we?" He asked, tugging just so on that arm.

Dominus blinked himself out of his momentary reverie. "Ah, Of course." He took them through the threshold, and officially on their way.

"My apologies for that." He said, knowing with a glance that Minimus was looking at him intently now. "For a moment, your beauty overwhelmed me."

He smiled wider as Minimus quietly sputtered and scoffed.

Arriving was no special affair, the doormech did the polite amount of simpering that mecha of their station were "due", much to the discomfort of both brothers as they led them to a box. A short spiel on comestibles and confections found them left alone.

In a private box.

One that surely wouldn't be able to be looked in to, in case important mecha needed that little touch of privacy.

The lights dimmed, enveloping them in a moment of velveteen darkness. Temptation crested and broke, and by the time the lights came up on the stage, Dominus had skirted a caress down his brother's arm, and taken his hand. Minimus looked at him with some soft see, before gracing him with the hint of a demure smile and turning back to face the stage.

It felt as if Dominus' spark would pulse right from his chest with his affection.

Overwhelmingly, he desired to see that smile remain on his dearest brother's face and internally

vowed once more, that he'd do his utmost to keep it there.

Leimotiv stepped onto stage, and the orchestra rose.

Dominus spent the majority of the performance embarrassingly enraptured with Minimus' watching, up until the intermission, where his brother commeted in that careful, unsure way that he hoped that the performance wasn't too far outside his tastes.

It drove Dominus to pretend to watch the opera a little more than he had before.

He did a bang up job, if somewhere were to deign to ask his opinion on the matter. His attention remained firmly on his twin, his awareness nigh pressed on that little piece of his brother in his spark to try and soak in the tiny sliver of sensation- that edge of a roil that was present behind that veil.

Minimus did not ask again, after the performance, if only because Dominus took that moment the house lights went up to praise the show as a whole, and took to the ovation of the rest of the audience.

On the stage, Lemotiv took a deep bow before taking a crystalline bouquet and bowing in deference to the nobility before the general audience before him, as was custom. Dominus took that moment when he finished and moved offstage to look back to his companion, only to take a moment's pause.

Minimus didn't look *troubled* per say, but there was some sort of concentration to his overall countenance that Dominus hadn't seen before, and he couldn't pin down what exactly he was seeing, not that his younger brother had ever been one to be so open with his emotional state, as Dominus was himself.

"Minimus?" he asked tentatively- and Minimus' optics snapped upwards to meet his. "Was the show as satisfying as you had hoped?"

It had been, and Dominus was treated to a running analysis of the performance on their way home- almost as if in those moments, he'd forgotten to be nervous.

He couldn't *not* notice how crossing that first boundary had Minimus lapse into silence, of how he dropped behind him just so when they passed the threshold separating the entrance hall from that shared living area.

Stood in the middle of the room, Dominus faced him head on.

"Are you alright, Minimus? You seemed to have fun on our date- up until now."

"I did, and this.. is the end. Of our date, I mean."

Dominus felt more puzzled than ever, especially as Minimus seemed to wrestle with himself for a long moment.

"I was... I've been.... " Minimus drew in a *massive* vent.

"I've been expecting you to *kiss* me... or something along those lines."

Dominus stared at him a long moment as Minimus stared down at his pedes, before moving for

him. Minimus didn't seem to expect this, and nearly jumped out of his plating.

Of course Minimus was still a touch tense, a touch nervous.

This way of thinking was still far newer for him than it was for Dominus, though the way he had been responding through their quasi-romantic outings and close encounters had held some tiny promise.

Dominus would be sure that Minimus was playing coy, if not for the startling realization that yes, his brother was actually that shy- especially regarding the concept of *them*.

But, with his thumb on Minimus' chin and his face tilted upwards, Dominus was all but ready to throw caution to the wind. When Minimus' gaze darted from all around the room to his lip components and back, Dominus' spark nearly felt like it would pulse out of its casing and the caution evaporated into nothingness.

How could he deny his spark's other half, after all?

He slanted his head and moved in at the same time and nearly moaned from the fire lit from that first ensuing kiss.

It started out as a chaste, lingering affair that had Dominus' spark singing in earnest and his grip moved from Minimus' chin to the back of his neck.

He needed *more*.

He needed more and Minimus' hands were to either side of his pauldrons and he'd just opened up so beautifully to the slightest notion of glossa for him, *all for him*.

Dominus resisted the urge to bend down over Minimus on their couch and rut him until their paint flaked. He refused to ruin that careful progress, especially when it was starting to seem like Minimus wasn't quite as experienced in this realm as the little that Dominus thought he may had been.

He opted for stumbling backwards and taking his brother with him onto the couch.

He gasped when Dominus nipped him, moaned deep in his intake when Dominus deepened the kiss, and pressed against him for a split second as if he was still hesitant about what they were doing and where this could go.

Dominus responded by running his fingertips over side-seams in a journey to take hold of Minimus a little differently. Minimus nearly startled out of his plating, and that sealed it- he pulled his face back from his brother's just so, and tried to hide his delight when Minimus' obvious instinct was to try and follow.

"Wait." He breathed, and couldn't help the smile at the look of vexation and relief Minimus gave him. What a sight he was even out of his element so fully- optics ablaze and lip components swollen from the harsh treatment they'd been just subjected to.

"How far?"

The look on Minimus' face indicated with all certainty to Dominus that his dearest brother had not considered that far ahead into this.. or this shifting of the dynamics of their relationship at all, most likely.

And for as badly he still wished to bury himself inside of his twin until the two of them were indistinguishable- for that desire had grown stronger if anything- he had begun to take pride in his lest dregs of iron will.

He could flip Minimus over and he'd take his spike- but that wasn't how he wanted it.

Minimus wasn't that desperate and Dominus wasn't yet to that point of pure desperation.

"Not too far." Dominus decided for the both of them, before drawing Minimus back in. He could bring him closer to that desperate though, make him ready to want it that much more.

This time, the kiss they shared was anything *but* chaste and Dominus followed it up with heavy pressing into the invisible seams that made up the connection points of Minimus' outer shell.

Minimus let out a keen that he immediately tried to strangle, but it just spurred Dominus on further. He took hold of one of Minimus' arms at the elbow and drew it in, encouraging him to touch as he was being touched.

Minimus cottoned on, if only in part and hesitantly, but his smaller digits on that one hand ran across a seam and it set Dominus' lines on fire.

He returned his hands to their journey down Minimus' frame when it was clear that Minimus was gaining a little bit of confidence in his touching and a little coordination in his kissing.

They played into seams, touched for unexpected edges that Minimus just knew hid the true form of the irreducible other half of his spark. His hands came to land on Minimus' upper thighs and squeezed up the short distance to the narrow area that exposed his hip joints- at the same time he pressed his thumbs into Minimus' pelvic armor and rubbed.

It drew a proper moan out of Minimus, and Dominus broke the kiss again to experience it to the fullest. Dominus pushed again and again to draw those noises from him, until he curled forwards into Dominus' chest to hide. The elder Ambus would have *none* of that, though, and so he wrapped one arm around Minimus in order to draw him back.

The moment their optics met, Dominus brought his hand around to palm Minimus' primary interface panel.

Minimus' vents caught at the contact.

"You drive me to distraction in the *best* way, you know." Dominus purred, already finding it rough to keep to himself to task.

"Only *you* could ignite such a passion in me, brother mine." His fingertips danced about those seams that would be nigh-identical to his own, to trace components he could smell coming online and aroused under his touch.

And what a heady feeling it was, to know it was *him* making Minimus like this. He could feel the protective covering judder but hold and he mentally commended his brother's will, while at the same time wondering if it was nerves keeping it closed.

Most tantalizing of all was that scent, irrefutable proof- of the telltale signs of his arousal.

It made the denial he imposed on himself so much sweeter, because it ensured Minimus would actually *truly* want him when the time came. He took his palm back away when Minimus ground down on him, seeking the extra sensation.

"Not this time." He warned, knowing Minimus would allow himself to be dragged along if he got carried away. He brother looked up at him, and if he didn't know better he'd say he saw a pout there. He pulled him up to kiss that not-pout away before putting distance between them and was pleasantly surprised when Minimus chased after to end with a smaller kiss on his terms.

"Not this time." Minimus agreed, though backing off to standing up had his expression turned into something that discomfitted Dominus. He wasn't rejecting him, but Dominus planned to show him *that* at a later point. Simply, it was just too early. The very tips of their digits were the last to touch, those barest edges promising that charge that still remained in both of them before they parted ways, for now.

.....Or, let Minimus think they did, at least.

For even as he knew it to be wrong- that he should be making his way back to his rooms to deal with his aching array, he found himself having crept to outside of Minimus' berthroom to listen.

Wild fantasies sprung up in his mind of Minimus slipping his fingers down his seams and teasing open his interface paneling. As slick as he was- or aroused as he smelt- Dominus was sure it'd take nothing for Minimus to ease a couple of fingers into himself or to slide in a false spike.

Or- perhaps he'd forgo that route altogether, opt to release his spike and stroke himself to completion with haste- just as Dominus wanted to do at that moment.

He could hear his brother's fans going from inside the room, but nothing else.

Dominus waited on tenterhooks.

Slowly, he began to do realize that there would be nothing else.

There were none of those telltale sounds of squelches and sighs and he realized that Minimus was lying there, just... waiting for his charge to cycle down.

It was baffling, to say the least.

He stayed for several long moments, listening- only to hear noisy, unreleased systems cycling down and to leave with the conclusion that Minimus was a far stronger mech than he was.

Chapter End Notes

And now, we pick up! This chapter was a little bit of a slog, and you'll notice it's about three times longer as I usually like to keep a chapter. But. I wanted this all in one place. It was either that or leave the making out to next chapter, so.

Thank you for reading, and for the comments! You all make my heart happy with 'em.



Undulating Grace

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

In the morning, Minimus decided to take a chance.

He was acutely aware of how far outside his comfort zone he was putting himself, but the night before and the carnal revelations he'd had made him feel the need to reaffirm a hopeful concept in this frightening new world.

The thought of doing *something*, taking *action* was one he had often quailed in the face of, and this was no exception save for the odd internal drive to *move* and *do* that found him so suddenly, regardless of what it could mean.

So the saying went, fortune favors the bold.

Coming out of his rooms found Dominus sitting in their living room, not far from where they'd almost ended up.... coupling... the night before.

The memory brought heat to his frame.

He was drawn back immediately by how his brother's optics- no- his whole expression brightened when he saw him, and it was in a few short strides that Minimus was standing in front of him. Dominus smiled fondly and softly, and it had the curious effect of making Minimus' spark leap hard in his chest.

"Good morning, Minim-" Minimus leaned down, feeling stiff as a girder, and planted a peck to his brother's lips. It was just a moment of contact before he pulled away, standing back straight.

"Good Morning, Dominus." He said with no little finality, feeling his face heat and color, and in short order he made a sharp turn and tactical retreat to their kitchen for his morning fuel.

Dominus stared after him, stock-still and silent for a long moment before he stood and followed.

Minimus let out an unseemly noise when arms wrapped about him, and that heat that had lowered to a simmer with his daring expression of affection flared up to full, when Dominus gently tilted his helm around and back to kiss him again.

Dominus' frame, that sum of his warmth and weight against him - over him -felt some kind of sublime. So despite his embarrassment, Minimus had to admit to himself that the whole of such a surprise was good and likely right.

His spark pulsed out a heady rhythm that did naught but to make him dizzy even as it pooled warmth deep in his abdomen.

And then, Dominus' glossa was in his mouth, and he felt he'd been flash-heated all over. A moan tried to work it's way out from somewhere deep in his chest, but he managed to whittle the unruly thing down into a hum before it made it all the way out.

This was dangerous.

He'd ended up with his front so close to the counter and Dominus pressed close behind him,

pressing his own heat into Minimus.

Oh.

Oh.

The situation was even more dangerous than Minimus had originally thought, as Dominus pulled back just so, to pull in a heavy draught of cooler air before pulling Minimus back in to kiss him soundly once more.

Unhelpfully, his mind blanked out and he was only able to feel that wet heat of Dominus' mouth on his. He could only feel the tickle of Dominus' facial insignia on his.

He responded in kind, charge ratcheting higher as he felt like he was observing from afar as his body as he went to wrap Dominus' glossa around his own and mold their lips together in a rhythm.

It was the nip of Dominus' sharp denta on his bottom lip that sent the heat inside him into a needful, *liquid* squirm, and it was finally that sensation that brought Minimus' mind back into the reality of the present and what exactly he was doing.

That part of him that demanded he peel himself away from his brother's frame was fighting a losing battle as Dominus released his mouth, only to move back in and take it again, his front pressed flush to his brother's.

When the squirm evolved into a drip, Minimus was able to push- and then pull away from Dominus' frame. His brother looked at him in a haze of confusion but didn't let go, until his optics managed to focus in from their glaze, and he managed to look faintly concerned, though the haze.

"Minimus?" He murmured dreamily, even as Minimus carefully extracted himself from Dominus' seeking hands.

"I need to go." He said, trying to keep his voice as calm as possible. Dominus frowned, as if he was having trouble parsing what Minimus said. "To my rooms, I-... I need some alone time."

It sounded juvenile, but had the desired effect- Dominus took a conscious step back as he seemed to regain himself that much more- and Minimus took his chance to execute a tactical retreat.

Minimus' spark quailed, when he looked back to see Dominus after him, looking just as lost as he felt.

It was several excruciating hours later that Minimus came to the conclusion that this change between them had changed something *internally* within Minimus, too.

That strange liquid squirm hadn't abated at all, and a moment of weakness brought him to his door out to that communal area he had so recently fled.

All was quiet, and some part of him knew on instinct that his brother was gone, having taken himself away from the estate for Primus knows how long. Logically Minimus didn't blame him and some part of him was sure that Dominus must be afflicted by this same strain of restlessness.

It was a strange certainty, and Minimus didn't know how to handle himself when usually he'd only make such assumptions when he was in possession of all relevant information.

What was more disconcerting than even that, however, were the scents that very suddenly assaulted his olfactory sensors, rolling over him in a wave.

Everything, *everything* was the quintessential them, the two of them in colors and shades Minimus hadn't bothered to observe before. He could smell the energon that lay forgotten on the counter most of all, it's scent full, enticing and electric.

He could smell Dominus, could smell the stress paired so intimately with a headiness that he'd never- again- *noticed* before; if truly it had been a permanent thing, that headiness.

Minimus stepped out into the room, and into the cross-draft of the room as if he was in a dream, with the feeling that his pedes never really touched ground.

What a comfort, this scent of his brother, and how tempting a thought presented itself, to perhaps make his way into Dominus' rooms and curl up surrounded in it.

He found himself in the kitchen with the energon raised to his lips, and he drank it down greedily until it was empty and the simple cube he'd pulled could be dispersed.

Energy coursed through him to replace what was burning out uncommonly quickly, and with the hypnotic scent of energon gone from the room, horror struck him, along with his own scent and an itch settled into his seams.

Arousal was the scent that lingered loudly - *loudest*- in the kitchen area and more poured off him, a twinned tang paired with a fading depth of that stress and richness that spoke of terrifying promise.

Minimus could not help but panic; and how common of an occurrence was *this* becoming for him, to spring into action unscheduled and into their veritable cache of cleaning supplies.

Already the chemicals stung his nose- but that was the rub of it and a sting in his would sting Dominus' too, and a clean, neutral space would hide the evidence of this strangeness coming from Minimus' frame.

Hopefully.

He had the kitchen and communal living area scrubbed down in record time, falling with relief into the familiar and safety of cleanliness, eventually ending up shutting himself up in his rooms and ultimately: his washrack.

The itch became too much as he turned the solvent spray on to scalding and after a few agonizing minutes under increasingly uncomfortable conditions and a blaring error code, he flipped the solvent to freezing and dug the blunt tips of his fingers into his largest seams.

His armor couldn't come off fast enough, and of course the pieces only separated slowly for their disuse of movement.

Minimus had been comfortable in his secondary armor his entire life, and indeed had been in it tens of hundreds of times longer than his irreducible form had been exposed to air.

He knew what he was.

He knew what he was and had always been relieved to be a lucky one, with his outer armor and his manner and lack of instinct that allowed him to ignore what he was.

It was painful to separate from the armor, to be exposed to the air and forced to re-calibrate the entirety of his sensor Suite to a world that had gone from just the right size to just a little too big.

He was vaguely aware that his secondary armor was steaming as the cold solvent hit it, but that itself was secondary to his own relief of having it touch his irreducible frame.

The cold gave him a moment of clarity, enough to spray out the inside of his secondary armor and re-articulate it for re-connection.

He couldn't look himself in the face, but despite the tension in his frame and those years of repression telling him how *wrong* it was - to be out of his armor as he was- something internal stopped him from going back in.

Minimus rationalized in a split-second, he was momentarily soothed under the cold solvent and unwilling to get back in, get it trapped between.

But no, that wasn't it of *course*, and he couldn't help but think as much in despair as a deep and insidious cramp started in his side and spread out in a wave throughout his small frame.

It put him on the ground.

Minimus resisted valiantly until the end, but his systems forced the issue with a snap of something deep in the core of him.

Plating began to lift and shift and it drew a cry from Minimus' throat that was more bestial than mech.

Despite the freezing solvent raining down on him, he slipped into unconsciousness as the last plate slipped into place at the end of his first elaborate transformation sequence, a sleek silver and green turbofox.

Chapter End Notes

Minimus can't just admit he's wet, he's got to be a dramatic baby about it.

But wrow, sorry for taking so long to update this. I still love this story a lot, but how things change in a year and some months. I don't have anyone to discuss it with so this'un isn't easy to work on. I'm probably going to be relegating it to the 'in very slow progress' section of my update schedule, which you can find on my profile. ♥

Edited- No, your eyes do not deceive you! I've decided with how well this chapter ended, I wanted it to be the end of this installment in this story! The next few chapters have a tone that is notably... er, more explicit than this fic overall, so I wanted to mark that transition in a whole separate story. That, and sometimes you just need to cut things loose and move on. I hope you'll enjoy Catch and Release as I add on to it, and I deeply appreciate all of you who hung about for this extremely rare pair. ♥

Leave some comments if you feel like it, they're wonderful motivation for me. The coming entry in this series promises to be spicy. ☺

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [Stone Cold Fox](#) by [EatYourSparkOut](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!